By th'incenſed Clergy, and of late
Brought in diſpleaſure with the King, aſſures
He may be quickly won vnto our faction.
Who hath the Articles were drawne at large
Of our whole purpoſe?

Gray. That haue I my Lord.

Cam. We ſhould not now be farre off from his houſe,
Our ſerious Conference hath beguild the way:
See where his Caſtle ſtands, giue me the writing.
VVhen we are come vnto the ſpeech of him,
Becauſe we will not ſtand to make recount
Of that which hath bene ſaid, heere hee ſhall reade
Our minds at large, and what we craue of him.

Enter Cobham.

Scr. A ready way: heere comes the man himſelfe
Booted and ſpurr'd, it ſeemes he hath beene riding.

Cam. VVell met Lord Cobham.

Cob. My Lord of Cambridge?
Your honor is moſt welcome into Kent,
And all the reſt of this faire company.
I am new come from London, gentle Lords:
But will ye not take Cowling for your hoſt,
And ſee what entertainment it affoords?

Cam. We were intended to haue bene your gueſts:
But now this lucky meeting ſhall ſuffiſe
To end our buſineſſe, and deferre that kindneſſe.

Cob. Buſineſſe my Lord? what buſineſſe ſhould
Let you to be merry? we haue no delicates;
Yet this Ile promiſe you, a peece of Veniſon,
A cup of wine, and ſo forth, hunters fare:
And if you pleaſe, weel ſtrike the ſtag our ſelues
Shall fill our diſhes with his well-fed fleſh.

Scro. That is indeed the thing we all deſire.

Cob. My Lords, and you ſhall haue your choiſe with mee.

Cam. Nay but the ſtag which we deſire to ſtrike,
Liues not in Cowling: if you will conſent,

And go with vs, weel bring you to a Forreſt,
Where runnes a luſty heard: among the which
There is a ſtag ſuperiour to the reſt;
A ſtately beaſt, that when his fellowes run
He leads the race, and beates the full en earth,
As though he ſcorn'd it with his trampling hoofes,
Aloft he beares his head, and with his breſt
Like a huge bulwarke counter-checkes the winde:
And when he ſtandeth ſtill, he ſtretcheth forth
His proud ambitious necke, as if he meant
To wound the Firmament with forked hornes.

Cob. Tis pitty ſuch a goodly beaſt ſhould dye.

Cam. Not ſo ſir Iohn, for he is tyranous,
And gores the other Deere, and wil not keepe
VVithin the limites are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a ſeuerall.
Which doth belong to mee, and there he ſpoiles
Both corne and paſture, two of his wilde race
Alike for ſtealth, and couetous incroaching,
Already are remou'd; if he were dead,
I ſhould not onely be ſecure from hurt,
But with his body make a royall feaſt.

Scro. How ſay you then, will you firſt hunt with

Cob. Faith Lords, I like the paſtime, where's the p

Cam. Peruſe this writing, it will ſhew you all,
And what occaſion we haue for the ſport.

Cob. Call ye this hunting my Lords? Is this the S
You faine would chaſe, *Harry* our dread King?
So we may make a banquet for the diuell;
And in the ſteede of wholſome meate, prepare
A diſh of poyſon to confound our ſelues.

Cam. Why ſo Lord Cobham? See you not our
And how imperiouſly he holds the Crowne?

Scr. Beſides, you know your ſelfe is in diſgrace,
Held as a recreant, and purſu'd to death.
This will defend you from your enemies,